# anchor

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/57875953.

**Rating:**
Explicit

**Archive Warning:**
Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

**Category:**
Multi

**Fandom:**
Devil's Night - Penelope Douglas

**Relationships:**
Will Grayson III & Damon Torrance, Will Grayson III/Damon Torrance/Winter Ashby, Will Grayson III/Winter Ashby, Winter Ashby/Damon Torrance

**Characters:**
Will Grayson III (Devil's Night), Damon Torrance, Winter Ashby

**Additional Tags:**
Threesome - F/M/M, Anal Sex, Vaginal Sex, Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot, Tenderness, Face-Sitting, Grinding, Spit As Lube, there was no way to add lube, Best Friends, Men Crying, Tears, winter is coming, Shameless Smut, Multiple Orgasms, POV Multiple, Damon loves Will, Winter is an Angel, Bottom Will, Top Damon, I cannot believe I'm the first one using half these tags

**Language:**
English

**Stats:**
Published: 2024-08-03 Words: 6,191 Chapters: 1/1

# anchor

by angst_is_my_kink

Summary

Winter, Damon, and Will barely survived. They need each other in more ways than one. As they crash together will they find the solace they seek?

Or

My version of Chapter 29 in Kill Switch, the threesome between Winter, Damon, and Will.

Notes

I read chapter 29 and just wanted more, I wanted it different. So I wrote it. I hope you enjoy.

See the end of the work for more notes

**D A M O N**

The shaking in Will's body started to subside as his chest rose slower and slower. All of us concentrated on every breath, falling into sync.

"In..." she guided us, "...and out."

We all exhaled, our bodies melting together, moving as one unit.

"In... and out... slow," she whispered. "Slow with me."

His arms encircled her, and we just sat there, intertwined and warm. Rika and Michael were probably pacing upstairs, wondering what had happened to us. Will's and my phones were at the bottom of the river now. I couldn't go upstairs, though. I didn't want to move.

"In... and out," she chanted again.

I ran my hand along her back, finding her shirt already pulled up a little, and Will's hand tucked inside. He wasn't rubbing, just clutching at her warmth.

"Whatever is after you is failing," I whispered in Will's ear. "You're not doomed. You're the strongest of us all because you've survived the most."

I rubbed Winter's back, and he began caressing her with his thumb. Her voice and the water pulled us into relaxation. Everything was quiet and warm, feeling so good, I just wanted more of it. We kneaded her skin slowly, but my hands started rubbing her back harder, more demanding, as I chased the hunger for contact. I drifted down to her ass. I needed to feel what was mine. Feel everything that was mine, right here.

"We've all been through some shit," Will said.

"Too much," I added. Nothing felt as good as holding nearly everything I cared most about in the world, right here.

Will and I stroked her skin more demandingly as our breathing grew more labored again, and she pulled her head up, arching into our touch.

"You guys," she begged. But she didn't get any more words out.

Mood: [ losin control ] :: russ

Will peeled her shirt off over her head, leaving her in her bra. I cupped her face, caressing it, guiding her lips to mine over Will's shoulder. I sucked on her bottom lip, gently invading her mouth. Her back arched, pushing her breasts into Will's chest, earning a groan from him. He turned his head, settling his nose and lips into her neck, inhaling her scent and ghosting his lips along her skin. I wanted to feel everything, feel all of her, all of him. I guided her forward, rolling her hips into Will's lap. A gentle movement, just a feeling of being together. Our bodies laid out together in a giant web of limbs and hands, each one of us trying to be closer to the other. Fingers ghosting along exposed skin and hot breath filling the air. None of us were close enough, grasping for more with each touch of our lips, roll of our hips, and stroke of our tongues.

Will rolled his hips upwards to meet hers, and as his hips rolled back,

his ass met my crotch, a wave of heat flashing up my spine. I groaned loudly into her mouth as I felt his muscled back arching against my chest. I wanted to pull him into my chest completely, so there was no space between us, pull him into my body and mold us together. I never wanted to spend another second of my life without his hot skin right here for me to take and use and mark, while his hot wet whimpers filled my ears, fogging my brain and making me lose all sense of reality.

I would burn down the world if anyone ever hurt Winter, but I would tear apart the universe for Will. He was my beginning and ending, and I would rather end my life on this earth than live another minute without him again. I would spend the rest of my life apologizing and begging for his forgiveness for ever hurting him because he was the anchor in my storms. I was black fury and raging thunder, and he was the calm that always brought me back to shore.

I kissed her with more energy, getting lost in the feeling of Winter's lips and Will's ass. My hands guided her forward, rubbing her core right along my best friend's dick. Every roll, every back and forth fed the hunger that was growing beyond our control.

Her hands came up, gently gripping our necks to anchor herself as the heat began to consume her. She broke our kiss, turning slightly to capture Will’s lips on her own. Her hips were now acting on their own, grinding in harder and quicker strokes along his length. I took the moment to look down over Will’s shoulder, watching the two people I loved more than anything in this world getting lost in each other. My dick strained against Will's butt, slowly rocking up into him with each downward roll from his hips.

He broke the kiss to catch his breath, a wet, shaky exhale escaping his mouth.

"Don’t stop, please don't stop," he whispered, almost sounding in pain. His hands found her hips and intertwined his fingers with mine, clutching tight as his breathing became more and more shaky. He laid his head back to rest on my shoulder, my lips ghosting along his exposed neck. My hips stayed still as he came to a rest, letting Winter take the lead, rolling hard and fast along his jean-clothed crotch. His whimpers sounded painful, his fingers gripping tight as he captured her lips again.

"Will, you’re here, you’re safe, and you’re alive," I whispered in his ear as Winter ground harder and harder into his lap, her nipples hard and

peaked, begging to be licked and sucked.

"We will never let you go. We will always be with you, forever. It's you and me and her," I continued to whisper as Winter moved harder. I looked deep into her eyes, feeling so much love pouring between us, down into Will, into each other. Will was my calm in the storm, the steady presence that grounded me when everything else was chaos. Winter, on the other hand, was my fire in the cold, the warmth and passion that ignited my spirit even in the darkest, coldest times. Together, they balanced the extremes of my life, offering solace and strength when I needed it most.

He threw his head back again onto my shoulder.

"Fuuuuck," he panted, his hips stuttering as he came hard in his pants. Winter cried out, her first orgasm crashing into her. I watched over his shoulder as they fell apart for me, for each other. My hands slowed their hips down, letting my head fall back against the cold tile as our breathing filled the space.

Slowly Winter peeled herself off Will, standing up and backing away.

We watched her as she slowly unzipped her jeans, peeling the wet fabric down her long, toned legs. She stepped out of her clothes as she reached behind her and unclasped her bra, her breasts sitting heavy and full.

My dick, still rock hard and stiff against Will's ass, strained harder at the sight of her glistening naked body. Her soft lace panties barely covered the heaven I knew lay in between them. I licked my lips, wanting to taste her, drink her, devour her. My eyes darkened as my breathing grew heavy, my chest rising and falling deeply against Will's back. I ghosted my hands up the outside of his thighs, grabbing the ends of his shirt and peeling it over his head as my fingertips ghosted along his skin.

His bare chest exposed, his back muscles rippling as his hands lowered onto the outside of my thighs. I ghosted my fingertips across the expanse of his chest, breathing hot and heavy in his ear as I pinched his nipple. He gasped as I bit gently into his neck, not hard enough to break the skin, just enough to tease. My need to suck, to devour, to taste being played out against his soft skin.

“You see that shit?” I ghosted across his skin, nodding towards the triangle of fabric between her legs. The soft milky skin of her thighs in stark contrast to the dark color of the lace made me lightheaded,

remembering how warm and soft and heavenly she felt.

He lifted his eyes slowly, seeing what I saw, his eyes darkening and his head tipping forward. He could barely hold his head up, his bangs covering his eyes. I gripped his chin, lifting his eyes to meet hers, letting his head tip back against me.

“Yeah, I see it,” he said, his words soft and breathless.

I took his hand, moving it behind him and in between us, letting him feel my hard length, grinding into his touch.

“You feel this?” I growled as he gripped my length and held tight. I ground into his touch, my head getting dizzy with lust.

“Yeah, I feel it,” he said with a grin, never taking his eyes off her beautiful body, her perky breasts and her lean muscles.

“It’s *all* for you tonight,” I breathed into his ear, a hot wet moan leaving his lips as he realized what was coming for him.

“How much of a break do you need?” I asked, starting to push him off and standing up. He moved with me, coming back to himself.

“Around you two? Not long, give me a few minutes,” his playful tone like his old self again. He stood up and ran his hands through his wet dark strands of hair, pushing them off his forehead.

Stalking over to her, I scooped her up and threw her over my shoulder, smacking her on the ass. She gasped.

“Turn off the water,” I told Will. “Let's go to bed.”

## WINTER

Damon threw me down on the bed, my body racked with sensations I couldn’t explain. He came down on me, his wet jeans rubbing against my panties and driving me wild.

Damon was just as charged as I was, not waiting a moment. He unfastened his jeans, yanked my underwear to the side, and thrust inside me, sheathing his dick to the hilt. I cried out, his length touching me deep inside, filling me so good I clawed his shoulder.

He growled, holding himself up with one hand and skimming his other hand under my ass as he fucked me. Pumping his hips between my legs hard and fast like he was possessed.

“Damon,” I breathed out, rolling my hips to meet him. I tipped my head back, his mouth devouring my neck as I heard clothes drop on the floor as Will must have taken off his jeans.

I whimpered, my breasts bouncing back and forth with his quick, hard thrusts. My nipples craved his mouth so bad.

Damon grunted with his attack, pumping so hard, and I loved every second of it. I wanted everything right now.

I wanted *Wild*.

Then I heard Will’s voice, felt the bed dip as he joined us, kneeling next to me.

“You two are so fucking hot right now,” he leaned down and captured my lips, cupped my breast, and pumped his tongue deep into my mouth in time with Damon’s thrusts.

I felt Damon’s eyes on us as we fucked each other's mouths with our tongues, heard him growl, and his pace quickened. Will slid down the bed, aligning himself with Damon so I had both of them lying on top of me.

Will turned his head toward Damon, who leaned in to claim his lips. Damon’s passion ignited, consuming Will’s mouth, and every gasp Will made was devoured by him. Gradually, Will shifted the intensity of their frantic kiss, his tongue moving more slowly with each caress. He tugged on Damon’s bottom lip, sucking gently before diving back in, deep and deliberate. As their pace slowed, Damon withdrew from me, shifting to the side until they were both lying on either side of me. They turned their intense gazes toward me, and though I couldn't see the fire in their eyes, I felt the electricity in the air—a shift from wild passion to a slow, deep burn.

Mood: [ hrs & hrs ] :: muni long

“You ready, D?” Will asked, his fingers gently teasing my nipple as he pulled Damon closer for another kiss, their tongues entwining in a messy, passionate dance.

A wicked smile filled Damon’s face, a knowing look passing between

the two, then both men grinning deviously. They descended on me, their hands and lips everywhere. Damon claimed my nipple between his teeth, his fingers pinching the other as Will kissed me deep and wet, but I could barely focus on it. I could only let him ravage my mouth as Damon bit, sucked, and pinched until my back arched and I pressed myself closer, needing more.

“Damon,” I whimpered, feeling his warm breath brush against my lips, sending a shiver down my spine. Meanwhile, Will’s teeth nipped gently at my stomach, creating a delicious contrast between the two sensations. He nibbled slowly, each bite sending sparks of pleasure through me as he trailed lower, down to my inner thigh. “Will,” I moaned, my voice thick with desire, as I unconsciously spread my legs further, inviting him closer to my growing warmth.

My hips began to roll slowly, seeking out any friction to relieve the throbbing ache of my clit. As I moved, a soft tongue delicately traced along my slit, then rolled gently against the bundle of nerves at the top, sending jolts of pleasure through me. I threw my head back, gasping wildly, every sound of pleasure captured as a hand tenderly cupped my face. The sensation of Damon’s breath, Will’s teeth, and the soft tongue working in unison overwhelmed my senses, driving me deeper into ecstasy.

A hand trailed down my thigh, between my legs, caressing every inch of skin. Lips ghosted my neck, and I turned my head to capture them, but before I could do more than taste, my head was turned around, and my lips were captured by another. A mouth trailed down my stomach, and I started to lose myself, the ocean of heated skin and hard muscles pulling me deeper. Soft lips stole my breath, and every time I tried to lean into one sensation, they turned me around again, shifting until I couldn’t tell up from down. Someone pressed deep inside me with their fingers, and the first time I came, my shriek was muffled by someone else’s tongue in my throat. Someone’s cock ground against my slit as two mouths nibbled and sucked the skin on my neck, my breasts, and my inner thighs. My second orgasm hit, and I threw my head back in ecstasy. I lost count and lost myself to their kisses and touches, the sounds of pleasure filling the room as the two men continued to worship every inch of my body. I’d never felt so good, so safe, so loved.

I lost count of the orgasms and track of time. I lost myself, reality fading away. All that mattered, all I felt, was them. They drew moans and gasps from my lips and devoured them repeatedly. Surrendered to them, I was swept away by their relentless waves.

I must have slipped out of consciousness because I opened my eyes as I lay cradled in Damon's arms, his lips soothingly brushing along my jaw as I slowly registered my surroundings again.

"Oh, my god" I groaned, leaning closer to Damon's comforting warmth. "Wh- what was… that?"

Damon chuckled and brushed a kiss against my forehead. "Are you okay?"

I laughed. "Okay? Yeah, I think so. But, oh my god, that was just… "

On my other side, Will snorted. "Did we break her?"

"I can't feel my legs," I laughed, pulling closer to Damon. I felt his rock-hard cock pressed against my soft stomach and slowly pressed in closer. Will wrapped himself around my back, his hands sliding around to hold me tight. His hand bumped Damon's cock, eliciting a soft growl. Will gripped him with intention, purring over my shoulder, "You want some help with that?" He whispered as he stroked softly between us. Damon huffed harshly against my neck as Will's hand worked up and down.

"Will," Damon gasped, moving his hips into his touch. "Winter," he moaned, capturing my mouth, pushing my lips apart, and shoving his tongue down my throat. His fingertips clung to the back of my neck as he lost himself to our touch. Just as he began to truly fall apart, I felt him pull away slightly. His breathing was ragged and wet, and I could feel his chest heaving under my fingertips.

**W I L L**

I felt Damon pull away slightly, heard him struggling to catch his breath. I looked up over Winter's shoulder and saw Damon's eyes lock onto mine, an electric current sizzling beneath my skin. A storm brewed deep in his eyes, the lightning I felt crawling over my skin reflected in his gaze. Winter turned in his grasp, reached for me, and wrapped her hand around my neck, pulling me in. I closed my eyes as her tongue invaded my mouth while Damon's hands tugged us both closer to him. His hand slid across my bare back, moving lower until his fingers gripped the skin of my ass. He ground me forward, my hips rolling into Winter's warmth, my hardness sliding between her soaked thighs.

"You're gonna fuck her tight pussy tonight," he growled. "But this

ass," his finger skimmed across my rim, adding slight pressure but not breaching me, "this ass is all mine tonight," he rasped, leaning over Winter to devour my lips.

I whined loudly as he gripped tighter. My mind was consumed with desire, wanting to feel her tight warmth and also wanting him to push his finger in further, to stick it deep inside.

I just wanted to fuck. I wanted to fuck her, and I wanted him to fuck me hard, rough, and wild. I wanted to be consumed.

They felt it too—the shift in the atmosphere. The fire that was burning burst outward, engulfing the room and lighting it ablaze.

Mood: [ the death of peace of mind ] :: bad omens

Winter shifted onto her back as Damon tugged on my hip, guiding me to crawl over her into his lap. My legs rested on either side of his thighs as I panted into his mouth, rolling my hips into him. His hands gripped my hips as we moved together, the bed shaking beneath us. His hand slid back to my ass, spreading me open and exposing my hole to the cool air. He continued to push and add pressure, almost like a promise or a claim. This would be his tonight. Our tongues battled for dominance, neither of us pausing to breathe, pushing deeper into each other as the electric current raged between us. Winter sat up, and Damon ripped his mouth from mine, capturing her bottom lip and invading her mouth next. I moaned loudly, watching him tongue-fuck her. His hand gripped her waist, pulling her to his side as she reached for both of us. She wrapped one hand into Damon's hair while the other wriggled between us, wrapping around our cocks trapped between our bodies. I leaned back to give her more room as she stroked us, her tiny hand trying to wrap around our huge cocks. She pumped us, Damon throwing his head back against the headboard as I captured her lips. "Just like that, Winter," I mewled, rocking my hips into Damon again. Harder and faster we moved, her hand pumping while my hips rocked and Damon grunted and groaned as we worked up a frenzy around him.

"Fuck, D- I need you," I cried out. The friction was not enough, the heat not enough.

He ran his fingers up my stomach, grabbed a handful of my chest muscles, and then pushed hard, throwing me backward on the bed. My head hit the footboard as Damon tossed a pillow for me. I placed it behind my head and I watched his chest heaving up and down as he

tried to catch his breath, his dark eyes roaming every inch of my skin.

“Sit on his face,” he commanded Winter, never breaking eye contact with me. It was almost as if he wanted to be the one sitting on my face instead of her, the hunger and heat in his eyes burning through me. The fire around us grew hotter. He wrapped his fingers around my ankles, spreading my legs as he licked his lips. She shuffled over, and as I lowered myself for her, she faced him, straddling my face and lowering herself down. I dove in, licking, sucking, and tasting. Holy fuck, she was delicious and warm and smelled incredible. I drove my tongue in deep, my hands holding her hips down. I wanted to suffocate in her folds.

I felt my legs being spread and my knees bent, my hole being exposed. Then I felt his breath on my inner thighs as his fingers spread my ass apart. My legs ached, and I had to leave her hips to hold my own up and apart for him as he feasted. My cock and my asshole and every piece in between was devoured, his fingers slowly working me open in stark contrast to the madness of our mouths. I matched his rhythm and hunger, and for every suck and bite and lick he gave me, I fed it right into her dripping pussy.

I felt so close to the edge as Damon continued to devour me and stretch me. Each time I felt the string about to snap and my back would arch slightly, when my fingers gripped his hair and pulled hard, he would pull back slightly, changing tactics. If my cock wasn’t hitting the back of his throat, his tongue was plunging deep inside me, then moving his fingers back inside, stretching me open as he sucked each of my balls into his mouth. This had to be how Winter felt earlier because I couldn’t get my bearings. Each sensation drove me further away, and I couldn’t tell anymore where I was. I only felt Damon. Only tasted Winter. I was blazing in their wildfire. She rode my face, her pussy dripping down my chin and neck as I feasted, my throat becoming raw with the animalistic noises spilling from my lips. She shrieked and moaned, and Damon’s dark eyes watched her tits bouncing.

“You like that, Winter?” he grunted, lifting up for air. “You like riding his tongue?” He sat up on his knees, his hard cock flushed against his abs as he wiped his chin. It was covered in spit from devouring me.

Instead of replying, Winter leaned forward, causing her pussy to grind harder into my mouth, and took Damon’s cock into her own mouth. Her hand guided his thick head between her plump lips. The groan Damon let out could have shaken the foundation, his fingers clutching

the back of her head and pulling tight as she took him deeper.

She sucked and moaned, holding him tight, working his full length down her throat as I consumed her dripping wet pussy. He held her hair in his hand, guiding her gently and rolling his head back, lost in the sensations. She pulled off with a pop, sitting back up straight and arching her back as she gasped.

“Will— Oh My God— Oh God, Will— Yes— Don’t stop,” she moaned, reaching behind her to run her fingers through my damp hair and tugging hard. Her other hand reached out for Damon’s shoulder, supporting herself as she began to ride my face hard. I stuck my tongue out as rigid as I could hold, letting her grind deep and long strokes along it.

”Come for us, all over his face.” Damon encouraged.

“Damon,” she cried out, moving her hips faster. After one particularly hard roll of her hips, I changed the pressure of my tongue to a flatter angle and sucked her clit, rolling the bundle of nerves with my tongue. “Yes—Oh My God” she moaned, her whole body trembled as she screamed into the room. Wave after wave crashed through her body, her pussy dripping into my mouth as I lapped up every drop. Her thighs clamped to my ears as her body doubled over, shaking with each aftershock coursing through her. I licked her clean as she rode the wave, slowing down my strokes and easing the pressure of my tongue and lips. My mouth guided her through every wave until she lifted slightly, released my hair, and unclamped her thighs. My lips were still chasing after her pussy as she rolled off my face to the side, ruffling my hair and giving us a crooked grin as she tumbled onto the bed next to us.

“That was- the hottest fucking thing I have ever seen” Damon said, his hands reaching for my waist and flipping me over, pulling me up onto my knees. My back met his chest as I heaved, trying to catch my breath. Trying to see straight. Winter rolled back underneath me, spreading her legs as Damon wrapped his fingers around my neck, squeezing tight as the pressure stole my breath.

“You better fuck her good. Treat her like the Little Devil she is,” he growled, tightening his grip until the lack of air made me lightheaded. My head tipped back as his teeth grazed the skin beneath my ear, his hot breath and the oxygen deprivation making my head spin. His other hand pressed between my shoulder blades, pushing me forward on top of her. I braced a hand beside her head, lifted her leg to my

hip, and thrust inside her.

I groaned as her heat engulfed me, my nose buried into the valley between her breasts as I took her. I pumped in and out, possessed as her hips rolled to meet my thrusts. I buried my face in her neck, sucking hard and groaning at how tight and warm she felt.

“Yes Will. Take her” he growled, “Make her ours,” spitting on my hole and lining himself up. He barely breached my hole, the head of his cock pushing past my tight ring of muscle. I thrusted deeper into Winter's tight heat, and each backstroke let me drive Damon’s cock inch by inch deeper into me. He held the pressure and let my heat engulf him but didn’t pump his hips, letting me control the pace and depth.

“Fuck, Damon, you’re so big,” I panted against Winter's lips, my brows pinching together as I took him deeper until his balls met my ass and he was fully sheathed inside me.

“Yeah? So you finally admit I’m bigger than you?” he quipped, grabbing my hips and grinding deep.

“Fuck you, asshole,” I ground out, pumping deeper into Winter and feeling his cock moving inside me. “I’ll top you next time, let you feel a real man’s dick. Isn’t that right, Winter?”

“Do not answer that” Damon growled

Winter giggled and turned her attention to me. Her hands roamed to my back, skimming her fingertips up Damon’s arms as we found a rhythm. Deep forward thrust into Winter's pussy and a slow backward roll onto Damon’s cock. Back and forth, up and down, filling her as he filled me. His fingers crawled up my spine and gripped my hair, pulling my head back tight and marking my neck.

“That’s it, Will. Give us everything you have,” Damon demanded as his cock found its home inside me. I couldn’t see, I couldn’t think as I just moved forward and back, picking up my pace and thrusting harder into her, letting Damon’s cock fill me up again and again. She panted under me, her tits bouncing with the force. I couldn’t hold back as the sensation surged from deep within, traveling up my spine and igniting my entire body. The tension inside me snapped, and then I was coming, a roar—was it mine?—echoing in the air. My hips thrust over and over as I rode the wave, my body clenching tight around Damon, who held himself still inside me as the waves crashed through me. As I slowly returned to myself, my vision slightly blurred

around the edges, I felt Damon's fingers lightly tracing my hips, guiding me through the most intense orgasm of my life.

Fuuuuuuck.

"Damon," I whimpered, his cock overstimulating me, my desire for him still burning through me as I pulled out of her. I watched as my cum leaked out of her pink pussy and dripped down onto the mattress beneath her, feeling Damon reach around and shove two fingers inside her, pushing it back in.

"Imagine if she wasn't on birth control, and you just fathered one of my children," he whispered into my ear, pumping his fingers into her, and she gazed lovingly at us both above her. Her lashes fluttered as she slowly slipped from consciousness, her body and soul wrecked. Her skin littered in cum and wetness and marks all over her from our earlier work.

Mood: [ dying 4 your love ] :: snoh aalegra

I felt Damon's hands pull me back down onto his cock, rutting deep inside me and pulling me tight to his chest. His cock was nestled so deep, filling me completely. Our hips moved in unison as I turned my head to catch his lips over my shoulder. Our hot breaths mingled, and our fingers gripped tightly to any skin we could find, driven by a burning need to become one. I panted and moaned as our fluid movements rode the wave together, his animalistic groans making my head spin. Our moans filled the room as Winter fluttered back to life. She was utterly exhausted, too drained to move, but her presence was magnetic, pulling us in with every soft murmur of love. Her voice, though tired, was filled with warmth and affection, coaxing us on as Damon moved within me, each slow thrust deepening the connection between us. Her whispered words wrapped around us, making the moment even more intense, a tender current of passion that flowed through every touch.

Damon Torrance, the storm on the horizon. Damon Torrance, the living shadow, always relentless and demanding. He was the very essence of passion. But in this moment, with his chest pressed against my back, our bodies in perfect alignment, his hands pulling me close, his breath warm on my neck, and his hands gripping me tightly, Damon Torrance consumed me entirely.

"I'm sorry," he whispered, his lips brushing the skin beneath my ear.

"I'm sorry." He kissed between my shoulders.

“I’m sorry.” He kissed the side of my neck.

“I’m so fucking sorry, Will.” His voice broke, his lips ghosting every inch of heated skin he could reach.

Kiss.

Kiss.

I was certain I was going to die. Overwhelming heat engulfed me, seeping beneath my skin and igniting every nerve. It felt as though I was breaking apart at the seams, only to be stitched back together with each word he whispered against my flesh. The sensation was excruciating yet intoxicating, a relentless cycle of destruction and rebirth that left me trembling and breathless. Every syllable he uttered sent waves of fire coursing through me, binding me to him in a way that was both terrifying and irresistible. The air around us crackled with intensity, and I could feel my heart pounding in my chest, each beat synchronized with the rhythm of his voice.

“If you ever die,” he choked, “I will join you in death.” His fingers tightened, gripping me with an almost impossible force, leaving his mark on my tanned skin.

“You are mine.” Kiss.

“And I am yours.” Kiss.

“Forever,” I whispered, turning to look deeply into his eyes. I reached back to grasp his hair, pulling his lips to mine and capturing his bottom lip in a fierce kiss. His hands roamed across my chest, drawing our bodies closer together. With his face buried in my neck, we moved as one, inseparable. I couldn’t tell where I ended and he began; it was just us.

I moaned and arched back, my head falling against his shoulder. I needed more, I needed to see him, his face and his body and his eyes. “More” I moaned into the room, knowing he would give me anything and everything. He pulled out and I turned around, his hands gripping my face as I noticed tears sliding down his cheeks.

Damon Torrance was crying.

"Will, if you had drowned that night, I would have jumped in and drowned with you," he cried softly, pushing me onto my back and sinking back into me. "If anything happened to you tonight, I would

have thrown myself over that bridge just to die with you," he sobbed against my neck, my hands digging into his hair and holding him impossibly close to me. Our bodies molded together, my legs wrapped around his waist as we moved in unison. He pushed deep, stealing my breath with each thrust. His movements were strong and steady, unhurried. This wasn't a race; it was a connection. Our eyes locked, our lips brushed against each other as he took me over and over, ensuring I felt every movement, every inch of him deep inside me.

Winter seemed to realize this was something we needed, our moment of truth, because she just lay there next to us as we crashed together and fell apart.

I gently pushed his shoulders, rolling with him as he settled back against the pillows and headboard. I sank slowly back down as his fingers dug into my hips, helping guide my movements in his lap. I wrapped my arms around his shoulders and let my lips explore every inch of exposed skin they could reach. His hands slid from my hips up my back and gripped my shoulders from behind, holding me close and grinding deep inside me. I threw my head back, panting at how deep he was, groaning at the feeling of being this full.

"You are my calm in the storm. You are the anchor I tie to my brain when I'm lost at sea" I whispered. He bent his knees, pumping harder now as I started rising up and grinding down to meet his pace. I leaned back to place my hands on his bent knees as our movements grew harder and quicker.

Harder and harder, I bounced on his cock, his words being painted onto my skin with each kiss he left along my collarbones, my face, my chest. I held him tight as he groaned with one final deep thrust and released inside me. I clenched and milked him, wanting to keep everything inside me that was his. I was his. And he was mine.

Eventually, I would find a wife, and he would marry Winter. We would have kids, raise them up, and grow old side by side. But right now, we had this moment. We were connected, and I knew I would never be alone again. Damon was wild, passionate, and *mine*. I had his heart first, and he had mine.

As his cum dripped out of my hole, I realized he just might have been my first love.

Winter slowly rose next to him and kissed him deeply. Our connection broke, the fire fading as I remembered who I was actually in love with

and who he was in love with. His eyes met mine again, and I could tell he realized it too. Our moment was over, but it would burn forever inside me. I would always remember the one time I was his.

"I love you, Damon," she whispered softly. He kissed her back with such tenderness. This was a side of Damon the world would never see. Only for us. For Winter and for me. I lifted up slowly and let him fall out, more of his cum leaking out, and stole her lips from him.

"Thank you," I said to her, knowing she would understand. More than the incredible, mind-blowing sex. For helping save me, calm me, and for that moment she let me have with him. I knew this was a one-time deal. I would never get this moment with them again. And I was so thankful she let me have it. Let us come together and heal and be alive.

"Again?" Damon joked, his head falling back onto the headboard.

"I can’t feel my legs," I said, echoing Winter's words from earlier. I winked at her, falling backward and rolling off the bed. I grabbed my shirt and helped clean all three of us, tossing it back on the floor. As my head hit the pillow, Damon curled around me as Winter crawled into my arms. I inhaled her soft scent, felt his lips press a gentle kiss between my shoulder blades, and melted into the bed, wrapped in their warmth.

End Notes

Well, that became really romantic at the end. I didn't plan for it, but those two just can't seem to stay away from each other.

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